

Mr DRYDEN's
ODE
FOR
St CÆCILIA's Day:

Set to MUSIC by

Mr HANDEL,

And Performed at

RUCKHOLT HOUSE,

On *Monday, October* 3, 1743.



L O N D O N:

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MA GY E C M

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

25 JAN 1961

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The



ALEXANDER'S FEAST;

O R

POWER OF MUSIC.

A C T I.

RECITATIVE.

 WAS at the Royal Feast, for *Persia* won,
By *Philip's* warlike Son :
Aloft, in awful State,
The God-like Heroe sate
On his Imperial Throne ;
His valiant Peers were plac'd around ;
Their Brows with Roses and with Myrtles bound :
So should Desert in Arms be crown'd.
The lovely *Thais* by his Side
Sate like a blooming Eastern Bride,
In Flow'r of Youth, and Beauty's Pride.

A I R.

*Happy, happy, happy Pair !
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave deserves the Fair.*

CHORUS.

*Happy, happy, happy Pair !
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave deserves the Fair.*

RECITA

RECITATIVE.

Timotheus plac'd on high,
Amid the tuneful Quire,
With flying Fingers touch'd the Lyre :
The trembling Notes ascend the Sky,
And heavenly Joys inspire.

RECITATIVE.

The Song began from *Jove*,
Who left his blissful Seats above ;
(Such is the Pow'r of mighty *Love*)
A Dragon's fiery Form bely'd the God ;
Sublime, on radiant Spires he rode,
When he to fair *Olympia* press'd,
And while he sought her snowy Breast
Then round her slender Waist he curl'd, [World.
And stamp'd an Image of himself, a Sov'reign of the

CHORUS.

*The list'ning Croud admire the lofty Sound,
A present Deity ! they shout around,
A present Deity ! the vaulted Roofs rebound.*

A I R.

*With ravish'd Ears
The Monarch bears ;
Assumes the God,
Affects to nod :
And seems to shake the Spheres.*

CHORUS, repeated.

*The list'ning Croud admire the lofty Sound,
A present Deity ! they shout around,
A present Deity ! the vaulted Roofs rebound.*

RECITATIVE.

The Praise of *Bacchus*, then, the sweet Musician sung ;
Of *Bacchus*, ever Fair, and ever Young :
The jolly God in Triumph comes ;
Sound the Trumpets, beat the Drums :
Flush'd with a Purple Grace,
He shews his honest Face ;
Now give the Hautboys Breath ; He comes ! he comes !

A I R.

A I R.

Bacchus, *ever Fair and Young,*
Drinking Joys did first ordain;
 Bacchus' Blessings are a Treasure,
Drinking is the Soldier's Pleasure :
Rich the Treasure,
Sweet the Pleasure,
Sweet is Pleasure after Pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' Blessings are a Treasure,
Drinking is the Soldier's Pleasure :
Rich the Treasure,
Sweet the Pleasure,
Sweet is Pleasure after Pain.

RECITATIVE.

Sooth'd with the Sound, the King grew vain,
 Fought all his Battles o'er again, [Slain :
 And thrice he routed all his Foes, and thrice he *slew the*
 The Master saw the Madness rise,
 His glowing Cheeks, his ardent Eyes :
 And while he Heav'n and Earth defy'd,
 Chang'd his Hand, and check'd his Pride.

RECITATIVE, accompany'd.

He chose a mournful Muse,
 Soft Pity to infuse.

A I R.

He sung Darius Great and Good,
 By too severe a Fate,
 Fallen from his high Estate,
 And welt'ring in his Blood :
 Deserted at his utmost Need,
 By those his former Bounty fed,
 On the bare Earth expos'd he lies,
 Without a Friend to close his Eyes.
 He sung Darius Great and Good,
 By too severe a Fate,
 Fallen from his high Estate,
 And welt'ring in his Blood.

RECITA-

RECITATIVE.

With downcast Looks the joyless Victor fate,
 Revolving in his alter'd Soul,
 The various Turns of Chance below,
 And, now and then, a Sigh he stole,
 And Tears began to flow.

RECITATIVE.

The mighty Master smil'd to see
 That Love was in the next Degree ;
 'Twas but a kindred Sound to move,
 For Pity melts the Mind to Love.

RECITATIVE, accompany'd.

Softly sweet, in Lydian Measures,
 Soon he sooth'd his Soul to Pleasures.

A I R.

*War, be sung, is Toil and Trouble,
 Honour but an empty Bubble :*

Never ending, still beginning,

Fighting still, and still destroying ;

If the World be worth thy winning,

Think, O think it worth enjoying ;

Lovely Thais sits beside thee,

Take the Good the Gods provide thee.

War, be sung, is Toil and Trouble,

Honour, but an empty Bubble :

Never ending, still beginning,

Fighting still, and still destroying ;

If the World be worth thy winning,

Think, O think it worth enjoying.

A I R.

The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,

Gaz'd on the Fair,

Who caus'd his Care ;

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :

At length with Love and Wine at once oppress'd,

The vanquish'd Victor sunk upon her Breast.

The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain.

Gaz'd on the Fair,

Who caus'd his Care ;

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.

CHORUS, repeated.

The Many rend the Skies with loud Applause ;

So Love was crown'd, but Music won the Cause.

End of the First Act.



ACT II.

Concerto for two Violins, Violoncello, &c.

RECITATIVE, accompany'd.



OW strike the Golden Lyre again ;

A louder yet—and yet a louder Strain ;

Break his Bands of Sleep afunder, [der.

And rouse him, like a rattling Peal of Thun-

CHORUS.

Break his Bands of Sleep afunder,

And rouse him, like a rattling Peal of Thunder.

RECITATIVE,

Hark, hark ! —the horrid Sound

Has rais'd up his Head,

As awak'd from the Dead :

And amaz'd, he stares around.

A I R.

Revenge, Revenge, Timotheus cries,

See the Furies arise,

See the Snakes that they rear,

How they hiss in their Hair,

And the Sparkles that flash from their Eyes !

Revenge, Revenge, Timotheus cries,

See the Furies arise,

See the Snakes that they rear,

How they hiss in their Hair,

And the Sparkles that flash from their Eyes !

RECITA-

RECITATIVE, accompan

Give the Vengeance due
To the valiant Crew ;
Behold how they toss their Torches on high,
How they point to the *Persian* Abodes,
And glitt'ring Temples of their hostile Gods !

A I R.

*The Princes applaud with a furious Joy,
And the King seiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to destroy.*

A I R.

*Thais led the Way
To light him to his Prey ;
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.*

CHORUS.

*The Princes applaud with a furious Joy,
And the King seiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to destroy.
Thais led the Way
To light him to his Prey ;
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.*

RECITATIVE, accompany'd.

Thus long ago.
Ere heaving Bellows learn'd to blow,
While Organs yet were mute,
Timotheus to his breathing Flute,
And sounding Lyre,
Cou'd swell the Soul to Rage, or kindle soft Desire.

A I R, D U E T.

*Let old Timotheus yield the Prize,
Or both divide the Crown ;
He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies,
She drew an Angel down.*

CHORUS.

*Let old Timotheus yield the Prize,
Or both divide the Crown ;
He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies,
She drew an Angel down.*

F I N I S.

